NEWPORT MERCURY.

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FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE,

BY ALFRED SMITH.

FARMS.

That magnificent place "the Glen" with about one hundred and twenty acres of land and all the buildings. The most picturesque place in Rhode Island.

The "Sachuest Neck Farm," the whole of the point and west side. The finest views and fishing, and the best land on the Island, will be sold for about its agricultural value. A road is so laid out that it can be cut up and sold in three or five acre lots.

A valuable shore farm, East side, 125 acres, and fine buildings.

Another shore farm, about sixty acres, with first class buildings.

Thirty acres of land on the shore without buildings.

A valuable farm on Prudence Island, belonging to the late William Bullock.

Four farms, not on the shore, from 30 to 100 acres each.

Hog Island, near Bristol, 200 acres, for a *low price*.

Hope Island, above sixty acres of good land, for a low price.

A valuable farm containing 270 acres, overlooking the second Beach. On this farm is the celebrated Berkely or "Hanging Rocks."

HOUSES.

The furnished house with the lot 147x150 feet, corner Bellevue Avenue and Webster street, for $12,500.

A first class furnished house on Narragansett Avenue, with immediate possession.

The "Tilley Place" on Bliss Road with about five and three quarters acres of land with a large and fine house—small cottage—stables, carriage house, cribs, &c. There is no finer situation—commanding as it does the most extensive and beautiful panorama of land and ocean views to be found on the island—and one that cannot be built or planted out.

About two acres of land on the Cliffs, one of the most magnificent sites for a "Marine Villa," in Newport. Price fifteen cents per foot.

Seven complete places on Bellevue avenue from $14,000 to 75,000 each.

Several fine places *on the sea*, from $20,000 to 100,000 each.

The Bigley house on Clarke street, large lot, 4,500

The Gould house, with hay scales, and corner lot with about 20,000 feet of land, 6,000

The cottage on Washington, corner Elm street, 2,500

The land on Bellevue avenue, opposite Mr. Barreda's villa, in lots to suit purchasers, at the rate of ten cents per square foot, well stocked with trees and shrubs, has fine views—among the most desirable sites for building on the avenue.

A. P. Merrill's villa on Wellington avenue, overlooking the bay, with all its furniture complete. A bargain.

Mrs. DeJongh's cottage, Touro street opposite Redwood Library, 6,500

Two houses of Callender avenue, 1,400 and 2,000

The Cobleigh cottage on Warner street, 3,000

A large house on Harrison avenue, with several acres of improved land, overlooking the sea and bay, *will be sold at a bargain.*

Lots of land in all parts of the city and suburbs, at the lowest market prices.

Furnished and unfurnished houses, cottages and villas always at the lowest rents.

FOR RENT.

A house corner Narragansett Avenue and Spring street, by the year, for four hundred dollars, partly furnished.

Several nicely furnished houses in good situations for the winter season at rents from two to four hundred and fifty dollars, immediate possession given.

J. W. Field's farm on Honeyman Hill. About 75 acres of land, possession 25th March next.

July 21

LAND FOR SALE.

THE fine tract of land in the city of Newport, R. I., fronting northerly upon Webster street, easterly upon a lane, southerly upon the farm of W. B. Lawrence, and westerly upon a private road, containing 210,192 square feet, or nearly five acres of choice land. Will be divided in two lots, if desired. Title perfect. Apply to CHARLES H. WARD, 54 Wall street, New York.

For Sale.

A NEW HOUSE now in process of completion on Whitfield Court; said house is three stories with addition for kitchen and servants room; also basement well finished. The house can be sold as it now stands and finished by purchaser, or will be completed for the coming season. For terms apply to ALBERT HAMMETT, at Hammett's Lumber Yard, 231 Thames st.

March 2.

FOR SALE.

THE S. F. GARDNER estate, next South of Perry Mill, extending from Thames street to the water, the best location in the city for business; now occupied by the subscriber as a lumber yard, and the house by Dr. Newton. For terms apply to ALBERT HAMMETT, at Hammett's Lumber Yard, 231 Thames st.

March 2

For Sale.

A NEW Empire Sewing Machine. Price $50. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

May 4

Mantle-Piece For Sale.

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP, a wooden mantle-piece in good order, 4 feet 7 inches high; shelf 6 feet 7 inches. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

June 8

Smith's COUGH TABLETS

FOR HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, and for all Throat Difficulties. A most efficient remedy. Try them; they will please you. Price 25 and 50 cents per box.

Smith's Oriental Hair Restorer,

A valuable article for the toilet. Highly recommended by those who have given it a trial. Price 50 cents and $1.

Dr. Hicks' Arnica Salve,

A sovereign remedy for Lameness, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores, &c.

Smith's Arnica Court Plaster,

This article is superior to the common Adhesive Plaster.

The above articles are manufactured by FERDINAND SMITH, 281 High street.

For sale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston; F. C. Wells, 115 Franklin street, N.Y. For sale by all Druggists. Feb 23—1y

The Last and Best.

AN AIR-TIGHT STOVE WITH TWO OVENS.

The Model Cook surpasses all others in economy, durability, perfection of finish, capacity, beauty of design, convenience; can be used with water pipes attached to reservoirs, or with movable reservoirs. Has a ventilated roasting oven, which can be used separately or in connection with the baking oven by removing a single plate, thus giving one of the largest roasting ovens ever constructed. We respectfully invite those who are not fully satisfied with their present arrangements for cooking, to make careful examination of this stove.—For sale by BROWN, GODDARD & BARLOW 122 Thames street, Newport, R.

Sept 22

REPAIRING.

Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Umbrellas and Parasols, neatly and promptly repaired at HEATH & WESTCOTT'S

Sept 7

TRAVEL.

OLD COLONY AND NEWPORT RAILWAY.

New Line Open to Boston.

SOMERSET, DIGHTON, TAUNTON, and EASTON.

After Monday, Nov. 4, 1867, trains will run as follows:—

For Boston—4.00*, 6.15, 8.00 a. m., and 3 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

Portsmouth Grove 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Coal Mines 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Bristol Ferry 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Tiverton 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Fall River 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Somerset 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Dighton 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Weir 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Taunton 6 15, 8 a m 3 and 4 p m.
Raynham 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
North Easton 6 15, 8 a m and 3 p m.
South Braintree 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
Myricks 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
Middleborough 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
Bridgewater 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
Abington 6 15 a m, and 3 p m.
Kingston 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
Plymouth 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
Cape Cod and Fairhaven 6 15 a m and 3 p m.
New Bedford 6 15, 8 a m, and 4 p m.
Providence 6 15, 8 a m and 3 p m.
*Or on arrival of boat from New York.

TRAINS TO NEWPORT, LEAVE

Boston 8 30 a m, 12 m, 4 30 and 5 30 p m.
South Braintree 9 06 a m, 12 36 and 4 54 p m.
North Easton 9 30 a m, 1 and 5 18 p m.
Taunton 8 30 and 9 55 a m, 1 25, 5 43 and 6 30 p m.
Weir Junction 8 33 and 9 58 a m, 1 28 and 5 46 and 6 34 p m.
Somerset 8 54 and 10 22 a m, 1 50 and 6 08 p m.
Lowenville 9 05 and 10 30 a m, 1 59 and 6 20 p m.
Fall River 9 10 and 10 35 a m, 2 03, 6 25 and 7 08 p m.
Tiverton 9 18 and 10 45, a m, 2 12 and 6 34 p m.
Bristol Ferry 9 26 and 10 50 a m, 2 17 and 6 39 p m.
Portsmouth Grove 9 38 and 11 a m, 2 26 and 6 50 p m.
Bridgewater 9 14 a m and 4 48 and 4 58 p m.
Middleborough 9 32 a m and 5 15 p m.
Myricks 9 47 a m and 5 31 p m.
Trains from Boston arrive at 11 15 a m, 2 45, 7 10 and 7 50 p m. From Taunton at 9 52 a m.

Nov 2 W. H. BULLOCK, *Superintendent.*

Fall River, Warren & Providence RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, November 4th, 1867, trains will leave as follows:

Leave Fall River for Warren, Bristol and Providence at 7.20, 8.45 a. m., and 3.45 p. m.

Leave Providence for Warren, Fall River and Newport, at 7.20 a. m., 12.45, and 5 50 p. m.

Leave Warren for Fall River and Newport, at 8 a. m., 1.31 and 6.18 p.m.

Leave Newport for Warren, Bristol and Providence at 6 15 and 8 00 a. m. and 3 00 p. m.

Leave Bristol for Fall River and Newport at 7 40 a. m. and 4 10 p. m.

Fare to Providence 60 cents. Children over 4 and under 12 years of age, half price.

Fall River, Nov. 9, 1867. S. S. MOWRY, Agent.

American Steamboat Co.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

1867 Fall Arrangement. 1867

To go into effect Monday, September 30th.

On and after the above named date, and until further notice, the favorite steamer

CITY OF NEWPORT,

Capt. George H. Kelley, will run daily (Sundays excepted) between Newport and Providence, as follows: Will leave Newport at 8 a. m. Returning, will leave Providence for Newport, at 2.45 p. m.

FARE 75 CENTS EACH WAY.

Children under 12 years of age 50 cents.

Sept 28

PASSAGE TO AND FRO

Great Britain and Ireland.

By Steamship and Sailing Packet, at Reduced Rates,

TAPSCOTT BROTHERS & CO,
86 South Street, and 23 Broadway, New York.

continue to issue Passage Tickets available for twelve months, from London, Liverpool, or Queenstown, and Drafts, payable on demand, for any amount from £1 and upwards.

W. K. DELANEY, Agent,
March 2—1y Levin st., Newport, R. I.

Wm. Alderson & SON,

Nos. 16 & 18 Market Square, NEWPORT, R. I.

Jobbers & Commission MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

Tea, Coffee, Spices, Flour, Tobacco, Snuff, Segars, PIPES, &C., &C.

AT WHOLESALE ONLY.

N. B.—Agents for Lester's Coffee and Spice Manufactory. Goods sold and delivered at manufacturers prices to the Trade only.

June 22

DAVIS' FAMILY BAKERY,

(Established 1835.)

Constantly on hand

French, Rye and Graham Bread,
FRENCH AND DINNER ROLLS,
CRACKERS and CAKES of all kinds at wholesale and retail.

Bread sent to any part of the city.

SIMEON DAVIS,
June 8 105 Thames street.

FLOUR.

Persons wishing a superior article can be supplied with

Flour Fresh Ground from CHOICE VIRGINIA WHITE WHEAT,
Crop 1866.
WARRANTED SUPERIOR

to anything in this market, at SWINBURNE'S STEAM FLOUR MILL,
Aug 15 opposite foot of Mary st.

HULBERT Patent Convex Mould-Board PLOUGHS,

in wooden and iron beams. For ease of draft, strength, durability and perfection of work, believed to be unequalled by any ploughs in this country or Europe.—For sale at manufacturers prices, by

WILLIAM H. SANFORD,
May4—1y Middletown, R. I.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS wish to inform the public that they have constantly on hand a good supply of New and Second-Hand Furniture, for sale at low prices. Also, Cane and Flag Seating done at short notice, and old chairs repaired and painted. Give us a call.

S. J. & E. MARSH.

Kinsley's wharf, next door West of Thomas Stanhope

POETRY.

WHAT IS THY HOPE?

BY S. S. C******.

What is thy hope? O, if to the earth
Like the grovelling vine it clings,
Nor shoots one aspiring tendril forth,
In search after higher things;
In vain 'tis nurtur'd with ceaseless toil,
Confined to the world's ungenial soil,
Each prop that supports it must perish, and all
Its buds of fair promise unopened fall;
Alas for the hopes which are nourished here,
'Midst the storm's of earth's changeful atmosphere.

Then what is thy hope? To what pitch of pride
Would thy restless ambition tower?
Would'st thou over fallen empires stride,
To the summit of human power?
Could'st thou conquer realms, make thy will their law,
And hold the subject world in awe;
Should kings as vassals attend thy nod,
Thou must die, and thy spirit return to God;
And how worthless are sceptres and thrones of power,
To a monarch's soul in his dying hour.

Say what is thy hope? Dost thou pursue
Of pleasure the giddy round?
With the phantom of happiness ever in view,
Where *true happiness* never was found.
O plunge not in search after bliss supreme,
'Midst the whirlpool of pleasure's polluted streams;
Amidst her mad orgies thou *never* canst find
Joys worth the pursuit of a rational mind;
O fly her seductions, resist her control—
She poisons, debases and ruins the soul!

But what is thy hope? Dost thou pant to find
Of riches a treasure untold?
Thou never canst purchase peace of mind,
Nor length of days with gold
It procures no exemption from worldly woe,
Nor will death for a bribe his prey forego;
Though thou hoardest up wealth, layest field to field,
No advantage in death will thy treasure yield:
Thou must leave thy possessions to other men,
And where will thy hope, and thy soul be then?

Yet what is thy hope? Is it that which leads
Thy aspirants to glory forth—
To win for themselves heroic deeds,
The fleeting applause of earth?
Thou mayst couple thy name with high renown,
And send it to future ages down,
And men yet unborn may applaud the tale;
But what will their plaudits to thee avail,
When thy form shall be mouldering among the dead,
And thy soul to the last great audit fled?

Then what is thy hope? Consider how high
Is thy destiny, think on the worth
Of a soul that is born for eternity,
Though it sojourn awhile upon earth.
O why are the views of immortals confined
To narrower limits than Heaven assign'd?
Why, when formed to exist in a happier sphere,
Should we bury our expectations here;
And vainly think for substantial good,
In a world of unceasing vicissitude?

What is thy hope? Will it stand the test
Of nature's expiring hour?
Like armor of proof, will it shield thy breast
Against the grim tyrant's power?
Will it gladden thy soul and dispel the gloom,
The horror of darkness that veils the tomb?
When the damps of death to thy brow shall start,
And the life-blood ebbs from thy freezing heart:
Away with it, else it is worse than vain,
To cherish a hope that will fail thee then.

But hope thou in God for a dying hour,
This hope a sweet assurance brings,
When worldly preferments, wealth and power,
Shall all be forgotten things.
Aye hope thou in God; though a feeble worm;
Thy soul shall be safe, and thy confidence firm,
Thou shalt traverse in safety the gloomy abyss,
Which divides the eternal world from this;
And consigning in hope thy frail flesh to the sod,
Thy soul shall ascend to thy *Savior* and *God.*

GOSSIPS.

'Tis strange how people love to talk,
How soon they find the handle
To any little piece of news,
Or precious bit of scandal.

It matters not what be the theme,
How sacred or how private,
With how much circumspection hemmed,
The crones are sure to have it.

Thus every subject, good or bad,
Indifferent, gay or solemn,
To pass review, is trotted out
And marshalled into column.

Sometimes, however, scandal fails;
Inquisitive old grannies,
Or younger sisters of the crew,
Sit baffled in their crannies.

Then what avails the common talk,
Assuming or demurring?
Or whether Mrs. Grundy comes,
A scratching round or purring?

A stranger never came to town,
And chose to be secluded,
But what some spinster's nose would be
Into his dish protruded.

The man cannot be much, I know,
Says Mrs. Lottie Steeple,
For if he were he'd show himself,
And act like other people.

I saw him bow to Jenny Fudge,
Says Jane Amelia Stiffy;
She was a fool to look at such,
I'd cut him in a jiffy!

I've heard he never pays his debts,
Says Mrs. Stepand Fetchit;
I wish he'd serve my husband so!
By jings! but wouldn't he catch it!

I wonder what for church he joined,
Says old Prescilla Vapors;
Not ours! says Mrs. Pharisee,
We don't allow such capers.

The church! Indeed! says Mrs. Spite.
I'd go and tell the parson!
I'd church him, you might bet your life!
I'd have him hung for arson!

And worse than that, indeed I know!
Cries old Miss Flummadiddle!
He catched Sal Fitch around the waist,
And cracked her like a fiddle!

So day by day the talk goes on;
The porcine scent increases;
Until the man is rooted out
And duly pulled to pieces.

Meantime the subject of the talk,
Unconscious of the pother,
Consumes each day his daily bread
The same as any other.

And Mrs. Swell, Amanda Smudge,
And others, forty-eleven,
He really knows no more about
Than if they were in Heaven.

These folks were all born rich, you know,
Well-taught and ancient blooded,
The Deluge failed to drown the stock,
When all the rest was flooded.

And so it goes—one half the world
Feels hypo, spleen or dizziness,
Unless it has its finger in
The other portion's business.

SELECTED TALE.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

Sweet Jean Struthers, but a very humble peasant girl was she, and so she ought to have been, for the rich can purchase the comforts of this life, but the poor can ill afford to do without the blessings brought by a character such as her's. She was the very light of her old grandfather's life, with her gentle, soothing ways and pious love for him, and he drank in with thankfulness the low tones of her voice, and the very hum of her wheel seemed to him like music.

None in all the parish was venerated more than Robert Struthers, none loved more than his grand-daughter. The old man was barely able to eke out a subsistence from the piece of inhospitable soil which he owned and tilled; and Jean's delicate health prevented her from taking any active part in the out-door work, usual in her country and station.

But the good matrons in the neighborhood, not daring to offer openly assistance to a man and girl, grand in their integrity and honest pride, found spinning and knitting enough for Jean to do, to add considerably to their small income. Her chief dependence for this work was on Mrs. Grahame, of the manse, and Mrs. Stuart, the widow of a neighboring laird; and many must have been their messages in reference to it, for Allan Grahame and Angus Stuart were constantly at old Robert Struthers' under this pretext.

The two youths were only restrained by Jean's gentle presence from an open outbreak of rivalry. But her voice and smile had wonderful fascination for them, and as the two watched her by the glowing firelight, pacing backward and forward by her large, old fashioned wheel, with her right arm gracefully extended keeping it in motion, and the right hand lightly holding the soft roll that grew into such fine yard under her dexterity, the waving motion of her figure, the drowsy hum of the wheel, the venerable figure of old Robert Struthers by the ingle-nook, and the little room lighted only by the warm firelight, soothed the two in spite of themselves.

The young laird was of too restless and impetuous a disposition to sit quietly, so he amused himself by entangling Jean's rolls, teasing her pet cat, or reeling off the yarn which she had spun; but the minister's son ensconced himself in the corner of the fireplace opposite the grandfather, and repeated stirring stories of Bruce and Wallace, or mournful ballads of the Duke of Argyle, or sung in his clear, rich voice to the dreamy music of the wheel, the favorite hymns of the stern old Covenanters which had so often re-echoed among the rocks in the neighborhood.

They had all been playfellows together. Agnes Stuart had even fought the battles of his delicate little companion, and loved her with all the impetuosity of his nature. Allan Grahame had gathered the earliest flowers for her, had trained her pet birds, given her a taste for the ballads and stories he was so constantly repeating, and unknown to himself till now, had laid all his wealth of unselfish love on her altar.

One afternoon, as Jean and her grandfather were returning from a neighboring village, with a number of others, a loving altercation took place at a little brook which was to be forded, as to whom should ride Thistle, the old pony,

'Grandfather, you ride and take little Lizzy Moore on the pony, too,' persisted Jean.

'Yes, and I'll carry Jean,' said Allan Grahame, who with some others was just behind.

'You? liver face!' broke in Angus Stuart, contemptuously, 'you'll not touch her, for I'll carry her over myself,' and he was about placing his arm around her waist, when she said,

'Oh, don't you remember how you used both to carry me 'Lady o' London' when I was little; if you won't let me walk, I'd rather be taken over that way.'

The two rivals joined hands firmly.—Jean seated herself, and they stepped into the water. By her ordinary manner none could have told to which she gave the preference; yet now the careless way in which she hung her arm over Allan Grahame spoke too much of the sister's calm affection; whilst the stronger weight borne on Angus Stuart's shoulder as he gazed up into her face, and the care she took of his cap told eloquently, though unconsciously of her choice.

In truth there was something in the disposition of the minister's son too much like her own, for her to regard him otherwise than a dear brother; whilst in the strong, self-reliant nature of the young laird, her yielding, dependent character found something to cling to and support it.

The brook was crossed and all three passed on their homeward way amicably enough, each lover satisfied that himself was preferred.

The summer time had now come, and the fields were golden with gorse and heather; the bees dipped in and out of patches of bloom with a sleepy music; birds sung and soared and tended their young; and flowers bloomed in sweet luxuriance; and yet among all this life and beauty, Jean Struther's voice grew lower and her step more feeble as the season advanced. Old Robert Struther's looked on with an anxious heart. Alas! alas! he knew the symptoms too well. His wife and all his children seemed to have melted away beneath his sight, just so, and now this ewe lamb of the poor man, this one comfort and treasure he possessed, was to be taken also.

But there was the making of a mystic in the white haired old man; he gave no outward sign of all this, but nursed and caressed his granddaughter with mother-like care, leading her gently along by still streams to the shadows of the dark valley, yet grappling with his own grief in stern silence.

And the two lovers met no longer at the cottage ingle as they had of old. Each knew that a greater rival was to bear away his bride; and the shadow of his skeleton hand effaced hope and bitterness together.

September had come with its warm days and chilly nights, to rack the frame of the poor invalid; and field and hill side were yet golden and purple, and the water gurgled around the stones in the burn close by the cottage, yet Jean Struthers saw none of this as she lay upon a couch by her chamber window, with the white curtains floating over her. The rich hues of the autumn sunset were streaming in upon her, forming a kind of halo around her face; and by her bed stood her grandfather and the minister, whilst Angus Stuart and Allan Grahame were on either side of her, holding each a hand. Sweet smiles flitted across her face as she said, joining their hands together,

'I know you'll love each other for my sake,' and at the very gates of eternity by which she stood, true love, the unselfish bowed its head and dared not ask for more.

With a gentle smile she dismissed her lovers from her bed and called her grandfather. The old man went and knelt down by her, and as she stroked her hand over his thin, white locks, a moisture gathered in her blue eye, as she now thought of his lonely life to come. The good minister saw this, and knelt down and prayed that she might enter into the dark valley calmly, with a mind divested of all fears, and even whilst pouring out this supplication, Robert Struthers felt the hand which lay upon his head become cold and heavy, yet he stirred not, for he knew that she had blessed him in death, as she had ever done in life.

For several minutes there was a breathless silence over the little chamber, for the awe of the Great Mystery was upon all; then Angus Stuart went to the bed, kissed the cold lips passionately, and rushed from the house. The strong youth upon whose strength Jean had perhaps unwittingly relied, had no more control over himself than a little child; while Allan Grahame, the visionary and dreamer, knelt and whispered,

'It is good for me to be afflicted, 'Thy will not mine be done.''

On a still Sabbath afternoon a little band wound into the quiet churchyard, and filled a grave beneath a dark yew tree; and after all others had departed, a white headed old man and two youths stood side by side and wept, and talked of Jean, and the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers, and the murmur of the burn and bees which she had loved so much, that would steal here in summer, and then they embraced and parted. Oh, Death, thou sanctifier.

The autumn passed, and the winter came with storms and bleak winds from the hill side, and the first snow lay like a winding sheet about two graves under the yew tree, and the little cottage by the burn side was tenantless.

The Great Dog Fight in Frogtown.

There is an excellent moral to the following story which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two puppies:

The most remarkable fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one indiscriminate melee—interminable lawsuits or suits at law—distraction of the town and its downfall or ruin.

A fanciful genius, named Joe Tucker, a man about town, a lounger without visible means of support, a do-nothing, loafing, cigar-smoking, good natured fellow, owned a pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far better by the Frogtowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a piebald, ugly looking dog, standing alongside a wood wagon, bounded onto Joe Tucker's dog, knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner, that she stumbled, and her old sun bonnet flopped off and scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started, hit Latherum's barber pole, upset the load of wood, all of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killing it for a short time stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo that she let fall a stew pan of boiling hot oysters into her customer's lap, who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in a corner, instead of the dish. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child, the customer for the door.—Mrs. Gumbo screamed, the customer yelled out.

'Oh! oh! oh-oh-oh, my poor child,' cried Mrs. Gumbo.

'Eh, e-h-e-e-e,' screamed the poor child.

'Oh, murder-r-r! Oh, my everlasting sir, I'm scalded to all eternity!'

'Murder! murder!' roared the poor customer.

The horse, a part of the wagon, and some wood were on their mad career.—The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog, and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back that poor Joe fell forty feet up the street, and striking a long ladder upon which Jim Ederby was perched, paint pot in hand, some forty feet above *terra firma*, brought ladder, Jim and paint pot sprawling to the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint over the broadcloths, satinets and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even-tempered Quaker, who ran out of the door just as the two dogs had got fairly at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at things seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case, and, in an unusually elevated tone of voice, Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up:

'Joseph Tucker, thy dog's a-fighting!'

'Let 'em fight it out,' yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. 'Let 'em fight it out. I'll bet a log of wood my dog can beat any dog in town, and I can beat the owner.'

We have said Abraham Miller was a quiet man; Quakers are proverbially so.—But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country stirred the gall of Abraham, he rushed into the store, and from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, low and powerful.

'Friend,' said the excited Quaker, 'thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee; Hyke, seize him!'

'Turk, here boy!'

And the dogs went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody for the damages to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten-pound-ten upon the face, back and sides of his bully antagonist, with his natural sledge hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the top of his compass, and they made sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and between the two, the strange dog was being cruelly put to his stumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling, and Deacon Pugh armed with a heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectable before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so:

'Fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful! you mean citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by and —'

'Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh,' cried Abraham Miller, advancing toward the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left with his cane.

'Your dogs!' shouted the deacon, with evident fervor.

'Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh,' said the Quaker.

'What did you say so for, then?' said the deacon.

'I never said they were my dogs, Deacon Pugh.'

'You did!' yelled the deacon.

'Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly,' said the Quaker.

'You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller.'

'Thee utters a mendacious assertion,' reiterated Abraham.

'You—you—tell a lie!' shouted the deacon.

'Thee hast provoked my evil passion, Deacon Pugh,' shouted the stalwart Quaker, 'and I will chastise thee.'

And into the Deacon's hair went the Quaker.

The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the fight, and we leave them to 'nip and tuck' to look to the stranger and Bob Carter, who fought and fit, and fit and fought, until Squire Catchem and the constable came up, and in the attempt to preserve peace and arrest the offenders, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watch-maker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in mistake by the furious blacksmith, in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity. The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and then the shop-boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a 'free fight,' tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants so indiscriminately that in less than half an hour the happy village of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and most terrific battle.

Heads and windows were smashed; children and women screamed; dogs barked; and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker-on, if there had been any, would have declared that the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row, the dogs were more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalded, wagon broke, the horse ran himself to death, his owner badly beaten by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared, the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined, a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem, and some fifty others, shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog fight.

He surely is most in want of another's patience, who has none of his own.

The Avalanche.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

'Hark! what is that?'

The speaker, who was a woman about the middle of life, at work in the common apartment of a Swiss dwelling, suddenly paused at her occupation, and with a pale face and quivering lips, gazed around on her children, who, at these signs of alarm, gathered in terror to her side.

'Hark!' she said again, as one of the little ones began to cry. 'Be still, on your life, till I listen.' And she held up her finger.

There was a dead silence at these words; a dead silence, we mean, within the room; for without was heard a hollow, ominous sound of awful significance.

'It is an avalanche!' cried the eldest of the children, a lad of about fifteen summers, breaking the stillness, 'quick, mother, and fly!'

The mother instinctively snatched the hand of the youngest child, turned toward the door, the whole family following after her.

'Oh!' if your father was but here,' she said, as with hurried steps she crossed the room. 'What shall we do? If the avalanche is near, we shall be overwhelmed, or, if even we escape at first, we shall be lost on the mountains, for I know none of the paths.'

In truth the tender mother was overpowered, for the moment, by the responsibilities of her situation. But, at this juncture, her son came to her relief.

'Never fear, mother,' he said, like a young hero. 'If we only escape being buried, I'll find a path, for I've not been out with father for nothing.'

As he spoke he flung open the door, and courageously stepped forth the first. His glance was immediately directed to the right, where the Alpine Summit rose usually distinctly defined, high into the heavens. But now the outlines of the mountain were lost in a white, shadowy mist, that rushing rapidly downward, seemed as if it would, the next moment, envelope the dwelling in its fatal embraces. Too well he knew what that awful cloud portended. It was the avalanche.

'Run, run for your lives,' he cried, and pushing his mother and her children out, as he spoke, he leaped after like a young chamois.

The terrified family needed no incentives, however, to flight. Even the youngest comprehended the imminency of the peril, and all breathlessly rushed down the slope.

Suddenly the lad heard the bleating of sheep. He had forgotten, until thus reminded, that the flock, their almost sole support, was penned up, and would be overwhelmed if left to themselves. But if he delayed to release them, his own life might pay the forfeit. Every second was precious. He hesitated still, when there came another bleat. The piteous cry went to his heart. Every one of that flock had eaten often from his hand, and most of them he had caried in his arms when they were lambs. Without a word he turned back, and rushed up the slight ascent that led to their shelter. The sheep, crowding together at the door, looked up at him so gratefully that he felt repaid fully for the peril he ran. As he threw open the way for them, they rushed out, and fled down the slope.

Hitherto his mother had not looked back. But, at this moment, turning her eyes around to see if her children were all safe, she recognized her son standing at the door of the pen, and the foremost sheep just leaping through. She stopped, on the instant, with a cry of despair.

'We are lost, we are lost,' she cried, 'oh! my son, how could you peril everything?'

But the lad, even as she spake, came bounding down the hill.

'On! on! Not a moment is to spare. I can still outrun you all. To the left, or you are lost!'

It was an awful moment. Poised on high, like some enormous mountain gathering impetus as it descended, the avalanche hung overhead. Then, with the rush of a whirlwind, down it came, carrying stones and even rocks with it.

For an instant the fugitives disappeared from sight. Nothing, indeed, was seen but a thick, impervious mist, as it were of flakes of snow infinitely fine. Gradually this floated past, like a fog driving down a mountain side, and then the voice of the lad rose in a clear, loud hallo.

It was answered, out of the mist ahead, by the voice of his mother, and immediately afterwards she, with her little ones, became visible. The avalanche was still heard thundering downward, but below them; and they saw at a glance that the danger was past.

They had been saved, indeed, almost by a miracle. The lofty and nearly perpendicular cliffs, by which their dwelling was surrounded, here afforded, for about a hundred yards, a sheltered corner, caused by the overhanging brow of a precipice. The avalanche in its descent, had passed on both sides of this ledge, carrying everything before it that it met on its way. Had the fugitives been a minute later, they would have been in its path. The generous act of the lad, in pausing to relieve the helpless flock, had in reality saved the lives of all.

He saw it, his mother saw it, and they looked at each other. The same sentiment moved the heart of each, though it found words only at the mother's lips.

'It is the hand of God, my children,' she said, solemnly falling on her knees. 'To Him be all the praise.'

An hour after the fugitives were safe in a neighbor's cottage, having found an old path which had escaped the track of the avalanche.

Professions versus Trades.—There is reason to fear that our young men are gradually adopting a false standard of respectability, that induces them to disdain the steady going industrial pursuits. They seem to think that there is something necessarily mean or degrading in trade, and that nothing less than professional careers can be worthy of their attention. This evil might perhaps be borne, if the ambitious tendencies of our young men were based upon anything like substantial merit. But the fact is only too apparent, that the professions are all overstocked with worthless pretenders. There is, of course, room enough 'higher up,' but a man who engages in a profession merely for the sake of appearances, and the supposed respectability of the thing, never has any capacity above mediocrity. For such persons there is no future. They could make themselves useful as shoemakers, joiners, tailors, machinists or engineers, but as lawyers, doctors and clergymen they are of no use either to themselves or to society. It is always honorable for a man to try to improve his condition, but this wretched striving for a professional varnish is a mere abuse or perversion of ambition. The true course is for a young man to find out what he is fit for, to qualify himself for it with all diligence, and devote himself to it with persevering industry.

Parents have much to answer for in this respect. They give a false bias to their sons' career. They are not willing to allow them to begin where they did. They seem to think that they must commence at the point which is only attainable by patient exertion and industry. In place of counselling and training them in the paths of industry by which they achieved eminence they induce them to kick aside the ladder, and strike out on a path that leads in very many cases to disappointment, failure, dissipation and suicide. There are hundreds of men in down town offices and up town lodgings who would gladly exchange, if they could, their shabby gentility and narrow means for the comparative independence and comfort enjoyed by tradesmen and good mechanics. The worst of it is that such persons never rise. A shoemaker may rise to be a United States Senator, an office boy may be Governor of a State, or a 'rail-splitter' may reach the Presidency. But as for the poor crowd that hang on the skirts of 'respectable' professions they sink to the condition of political crimps, lobbyists, bar-room loafers and Broadway swells.

The remedy for all this is to teach boys a trade—to give them an industrial training that will secure them an honest livelihood when all else fails. If they have a sound education and good moral principles and habits they are likely to rise higher from the workshop than from any professional pursuit. Take our most successful men, and they will be found to have nearly all commenced at the beginning and rose from the ranks. Why should not their sons imitate them? Why should not they commence where their fathers did, and not where they left off? As matters now stand there is danger of young America becoming snobbish. Comparatively few American boys now learn trades.

The ranks of skilled workmen are recruited from the emigrant ship. It is thought to be better for a young man to be a map seller, a peddler, a conductor, a quack doctor, or a confidence operator, than to be a good mechanic. It is this false sentiment that renders the flash commercial colleges so prosperous. They too often spoil farmers and workmen's boys, and turn them into good-for-nothing book keepers, worthless salesmen and bogus merchants, whose only vocation in life seems to be to bother their friends for situations which they are not and never can be qualified to fill.

These strictures by no means apply to those persons who are imbued with a noble love of knowledge for the sake of its intrinsic excellence, and not for the loaves and fishes which it gathers, and who develop in the minds of their children the same love of study and scientific research. Parents of that class are certain to train their children to usefulness. But the wretched snobbishness that undervalues honest industry, and perverts the energies of boys and young men to uncongenial pursuits, cannot be too severely condemned. Labor has always been held in deserved honor in America, and we would despair of the future of our country if it should ever be regarded as a badge of inferiority.

A Child's Laughter.—Is there anything like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child? Can any other music so echo in the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond all other melodies.—When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sport, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, constantly gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seeme paved with precious stones from Heaven's treasury. No day of storm is dark where he is—no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.